### FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND,

What the Wives of Former Presidents Say of White House Life.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

The Wives of Tyler, Polk, Grant, Garfield and Hayes.

HOW THEY LOOK, DRESS AND LIVE.

Glimpses Into the Affairs of Former Administrations.

Miss Nellie Bly, the correspondent, has been describing the personal appearance, the habits and the homes of the seven living former mistresses of the White House for the New York World, and a very entertaining article she has written.

There are now living, besides Mrs. Cleveland, seven women who have held sway in the White House as the first ladies of the land. She visited them at their homes in the various parts of the country and listened to their narratives as they frankly told her little bits of their personal history which have never before been written.

personal history which have never before been written.

These representative American women would, without exception, grace the throne of any monarchy, and their history should not be allowed to fade out of mind. They are Mrs. Tyler, the widow of President John Tyler, whom she saw in Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Polk, the widow of President James Knox Polk, now living at an advanced age at the historic "Polk Place," Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, the niece of President James Buchanan, and a resident of Baitin.ore, Ma.; Mrs. Grant, the widow of President Ulysses Simpson Grant; Mrs. Hayes, wife of President Rutherford Birchard Hayes, living at Fremont, Ohio; Mrs. Garfield, the widow of President James Abram Garfield, residing at Mentor, Ohio, and Mrs. John S. McElroy, the sister of President Chester Alan Arthur, living now at Albany, N. Y.

### Mrs. John Tyler.

Mrs. Tyler was found at the Exchange Hotel in Riehmond. Mrs. Tyler readily consented to see Miss Blv. who says: She was tall, and walked with easy grace. She was well-formed, and dressed. in a long black traveling gown. Her heavy black hair, besprinkled with a few

heavy black hair, besprinkled with a few gray lines, was parted in the middle, and the thick braids covered the back of the head while one rested on the top like a crown. It was an odd fashion, but very becoming. I was struck with her complexion, which was clear, and the checks were so pink that a sixteen-year-old girl might envy the tint. Above all were her wondrous gray eyes.

Mrs. Tyler was born on Gardiner's Island near New Yes. Her name was Gardiner. On finishing her schooling she was taken to Europe. On her return she was taken by her father to Washington. Her narrative of President Tyler's courtship is full of poetry and sweetness. She remarked: "We taet the President and became groat friends, but I never thought of loving him then. I was not yet twenty and he was easily thirty-live years older than

him then. I was not yet twenty and he was easily thirty-live years older than I, but I thought him very niee and I was very gav and frivolous and of course was flathered by his friendship."

"How did he propose to you?"

"You will think me very foolish when I tell you about it," Mrs. Tyler said, her gray eyes beaming at the recollection. "I often think now how frivolous I was then. There was a grand reception held in the White House on Washington's Birthday. All people of note were there and it was very brilliant. I had been dancing with a young man who was not pleased with the attention the President had been paying me. We had just stopped and were walking about when the President came up, and drawing my arm through his, said to the young man: 'I must claim Miss Gardiner's company for awhile.' The young man drew off and looked as if he would like to say, 'Well, you are impudent,' but he didn't. I walked if he would like to say, 'Well, you are impudent,' but he didn't. I walked around with the President and he proposed then. I had never thought of love, so I said: 'No, no, no,' and shook my head with each word, which flung the tassel of my Greek cap into his face at every move. It was undignifed but the tassel of my Greek cap into his face at every move. It was undignified, but it amused me very much to see his ex-pression as he tried to make Iove to me and the tassel brushed his face. I did not tell my father. I was his pet, yet I feared that he would blame me for allowing the President to reach the pro-posing point, so I did not speak of it to any one.

allowing the President to reach the proposing point, so I did not speak of it to any one.

"How were you dressed the night the President proposed?"

"I wore a white tarleton. It was very gay and young or I never would have dared to toss the tassel in a President's face. On the 28th of February Commodore Stockton gave a party on the Potemac. Everybody was there, and we had a lovely time. I field my father when we started that he must keep with me all the time, but I did not tell him that it was to keep the President away. I was with my father, and the young man who I told you was jealous of the President, when a gentleman came to me and said, Miss Gardliner, the President wishes to obey orders, I replied with a laugh, and, asking my father to follow me, I started down. Just then the wind caught my veil and blew it up. Father caught it with his came and brought it down, saying, "Take care of your streamer." They were almost the last words I ever hand the cabin the tenrible avoiding the caught in the tenrible avoiding the caught it with his came and brought it down, saying, "Take care of your streamer." They were almost the last words I ever heard him speak."

She was witty and eloquent and is yet. It is only her expressed wish that keeps me from reproducing her entire conversation. Her life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a summons to join lum. For forty years she last life, since her husband's death, has been spent in waiting a lum. It is only that the last life, si

him speak."
While they were seated in the cabin

him speak."

While they were seated in the cabin the terrible explosion of the gan took place which sent five prominent men to their graves. Mrs. Tyler thus describes the memorable seene:

"Just then we heard the shot and the smoke began to come down the companion way. Something must be wrong.' I said to the young man, and he started up to see. He got to the door, and he turned around and gave me such a look of horror that I shall never forget it. That moment I heard some one say 'The Secretary of State is dead?' I was frightened, and I tried to get upstairs. 'Something has happened. Let me go to my father.' I said, but they kept me back. Some one told me that there had been an accident, the gun had exploded, but that there was such a crowd that it would do no good for me to try to get there. I cried that my father was there and I must learn his fate. I was told then that he was wounded. That drove me frantic. I begred them to let me go to help him; that he loved me and he would want me near him. One lady, seeing my agony, said: 'My dear child, you can do no good. Your father is in heaven.'

"After I lost my father I felt differently towards the Fresident. He seemed to fill the place and to be more agreeable in every way than any younger man ever was or could be. He composed a very

"After I lost my father Is in heaven."

"After I lost my father I felt differently towards the Fresident. He seemed Harriet Lane accompanied him. Her to fill the place and to be more exceeable in every way than any younger man ever was or could be. He composed a very pretty song about me then—Sweet Lady, the Queen and was greatly admired by the royal family. During her stay she was one of the foremest ladies in the diplomatic corps at the Court of St. James.

House and everybody was very kind to me," said Mrs. Tyler, thoughtfully. "When we left there we went to our plantation. Sherwood Forest, on the James River." Mrs. Tyler described plantation, Sierwood Forest, on the James River." Mrs. Tyler described a prophetic dream which six had been at the close of her husband's life which drove her to his side and which was the enuse of her being with him when he breathed his last, Mrs. Tyler passes her life in visiting her children. The cld home on the James River was nearly cained during the war and she has never kept it up since then. Her son Gardiner, however, lives there. He was one of the Presidential electors and is now working for the Democratic ticket. Julia, her third child, was married to W. H. Spencer of Genesco, New York, but is dead. Lachian Tyler, her fourthehild, is a anceessful and honored physician in this city. Lyon Gardiner, her fifth, is president of William and Mary College. Mrs. Tyler will probably spend the wheter in Washington where she will introduce into society her grand-daughter, Julia Spencer, whom she has raised from early girihood.

raised from early girlhood. Mrs. James K. Polk. If one can imagine a home of a cen tury ago set down in the heart of an en-terprising and live city, with modern buildings and improvements of all kinds

buildings and improvements of all kinds surrounding, yet itself untouched; with electric light lickering down on a silent old mansion which fifty years have found unchanged, then one can picture the Polk place at Nashville, Tenn.

The Polk mansion stands on an elevation, and the surrounding garden is at least 900 feet square. One might almost say it has four fronts, as it faces Polk avenue, Vine street, Union street and Spruce street. It is all inclosed with a little iron fence, but the pates stand open as if inviting visitors to eater.

Mrs. Polk is so feeble—she is eighty-five—that she is close surroue though no one of any note goes to Nashville with

hve—that sie schom sees anyone though no one of any note goes to Nashville with-out calling to pay their respects to her. Luckily Miss Bly called on a day when she was feeling stronger than usual. The correspondent was ushered into a parlor and after a short interval Mrs. Polk ap-peared lepning on her cane and supported by a companion. As she greeted the young correspondent.

by a companion. As she greeted the young correspondent she said:

"I cannot see many now," in a clear, distinct voice which gave no evidence of age, "much as I would like to, for I am growing very old!—

"But you grow old so gracefully, Mrs. Polk, that we hardly notice it," said a priest who was present, gallantly.

"I do not repine, sir," she said, with a bright smile. "The evening of my life is very happy and peaceful, and I feel very much the kindness of the people to me. I am very grateful for it. I do not know what I have ever done to deserve all the kindness they show me, but it makes me very happy.

but it makes me very happy.

"As you see me dressed to-day I have dressed ever since the death of my lusband, almost forty years ago," said Mrs. Polk, and she laughed as the added, "I have not followed the fushions close-

Somehow her dress did not look out Somehow her dress did not look out of fashion. It was made of black cashmere in such a way that it sweeps the floor just a little at the back. A very fine embroidered shawl was wrapped about her shoulders and she wore a very becoming headdress of white tulle and black lace. Her slender hands, which toyed with the gold-headed cane she carries, were covered with black kid gloves. Her brown eyes sparkle and her laugh is musical indeed. Mrs. Polk was eighty-five years on the 4th Polk was eighty-five years on the 4th of September last, and the gray—not white—hair, which is worn in curis across her forchead, is her own, as are her white teeth, only two of which are

missing. LIFE IN WASHINGTON,

"I am very happy, and have been blessed all my life." said Mrs. Polk. "I went to Washington with my husband went to Washington with my husband when I was but a girl, and I saw him rise from one position to another until he reached the highest. He filled every position for his State but one. He never was in the Senate. I still have the Bible upon which my husband was sworn as President of the United States. During his administration the Mexican war occurred, and California, the Pacific coast, New Mexico and the State of Texas are living monuments to my husband's administration. He worked too hard. He was completely run down, and when his was completely run down, and when his term expired and we came here he lived only three months."

It was the custom before the war for Southern gentlemen to be buried in their own grounds, so they tell me, and so Mr. Polk asked his widow to bury him in the words, where he west to day. They

garden, where he rests to-day. They say that Jackson set the fashion, and it was followed by Calhoun and Polk.

Mrs. Polk, who was Miss Sarah Childress, was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn. She met Mr. Polk when he had his law office in Columbia. They loved and married and moved to Washington, where she spent the best eighteen years of her life. According to report she was not only a beautiful woman, but one of the brightest conversationalists and best entertainers the White House ever had. She was witty and cloquent and is yet. It is only her expressed wish that keeps me from reproducing her entire conversa-

" I had a delightful visit from Mr. Cam eron several days ago," sho said, "and two years ago. Mr. Bancroft, the elder, the only remaining member of my hus-band's Cabinet, came all the way here to see me. I considered it quite an honor. We had a lovely time recalling old days."

Harriet Lane Johnston. All are familiar with the history of Harriet Lane, whose life was se closely identified with that of her uncle, James Buchanan. She came of Pennsylvania ancestry on her mother's side and of aristocratic Virginia blood on her father's side. Her earliest days were spent in Mercerburg, Franklin County, Pa. When twelve coars old she was sent to Charles. twelve years old she was sent to Charles-town, Va., to be educated. After a course there her education was completed in the Georgetown convent. Even before the Georgetown convent. Even before
her selical days were over her perfect and
communing figure, her deep violet eyes
and heavy golden halr, her exquisite
complexion and perfect profile gave her
the reputation of great beauty. Her
wonderful musical abilities, in addition
to her wit, and unusual culture and
wonderful conversational powers, made
her a brilliant woman. When James
Buchang word as Musicar to England

Cuba they went to their home No. 518 Park avenue, Beltimore, which Mr. Johnston had caused to be farmished in an elegant and haverloss manner, to be a fitting nest for his brilliant bride.

a fitting nest for his brilliant bride.

Harriet Lane is to-day a beautiful woman. Her deep, violat eyes reflect the sadness of her heart; her heavy golden hair has turned to a silver white; her perfect mouth has sad, sensitive lines; her perfect mouth has sad, sensitive lines; her digure, just as perfect as when she was the loved mistress of the White House, is always clad in samber black; her luxurious home in Baltimore is as quiet as the grave. Much of her time is spent in Washington, where she expects to reside this winter. "Wheatland," James Businana's lower is been constituted. side this winter. "Wheatland," James Buchanan's home, is her country home, but size seldom stays hong in one place. Despite her deen addiction, Mrs. Hacriet Lane Joinston is ever thoughtful of others, and the hearts of all who have ever known or heard of Harriet Lane beat in sympathy with her in her sortages.

Mrs. U. S. Grant. Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the only living woman whose husband served two terms as President of the United States, resides at No. 3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York. The house is within a stone's throw of Central Park, on a wide residence street, and is historic as the place where ex-President Grant spent many of his last as well as saddest days. Mrs. Grant received her fair interviewer with gentle raillery about some of her journalistic cranks. She continued more gravely:

—"I will tell you snything I can of the White House, "hat it seems such a routine story. Life there always seems to have the same duties. I can only say I loved the White Hodse and everything connected with the dear old historic place. The eight years I spont there were the nappiest of my life. I remember the entire time as a series of Grams of happiness, and it broke my heart to leave."

—"Were you at all nervous when you first went there?"

—"Oh, no; you know it was different. Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the only liv-

first went there?"

"Oh, no; you know it was different with me from what it is with most of with me from what it is with most of the indies who have been hostesses there. Ulvsess, as the successful General, had re-ceived ovations everywhere and I had grown very used to them, and then, as head of the army in Washington, our receptions were as brilliant as any held in the White House."

"Is it difficult to manage household affairs at the White House."

WHITE HOUSE AFFAIRS. "Indeed, no; not so much so as else-where. For large receptions I gave sug-gestions to the steward and when everything was ready he would ask me down to inspect the dining-room. That was the extent of my worry. At first they tricked me in the flowers. My eyes trouble me and I do not see very well, so the sly regues would put fresh thowers at my plate and ones not so fresh at other plates. I think there is nothing so shabby as wilted flowers: don't you diably as willed flowers; don't you agree with me? At last my sister told me of their tricks; so I watched them carefully afterwords.

"Who was the greatest man you en-tertained at the White House?" I asked.

"Roscoe Conkling."

"But, Mrs. Grant, of all the foreign

"Roscoe Conkling was the greatest man in every way, title or no title, we ever entertained at the White House," she replied in a decided manner, "It would be tiresome to attempt to name to you even a part of the people we entertained. Of course every one of note, both visitors and Americans, was entertained. Of course every one of note, both visitors and Americans, was entertained by us. We loved company and we were never without it. I always had some relatives with me during the whole time. In our eight years I don't think the dinner was ever laid for less than eighteen. The General loved company as well as I did, and I wish I could reproduce some of the conversations that were held at our table. They never were excelled. Ab, those were happy days. Ulysses loved horses and he always attended to them himself. We always drove four. I never knew anything a bout them, and he gave meterically and plenty of money and never asked what I did with it."

PLEASANT EVENINGS.

"Our evenings were spent very informally and pleasantly at the White House. After dinner Ulysses and Senator Conkling and Hamilton Fish and others of those old-time friends used to play Boston.' I doubt if you ever knew the game. It was played with cards. Ulysses was very fond of it," she added with a laugh, " and it did not please him to be interrupted. But he was very often, for visitors would drop in informally for visitors would drop in informally PLEASANT EVENINGS.

for visitors would drop in informally sometimes on business, but our evenings were delightful."

"I was like one in a delirium all during the war," she said with enthusiasm. "I love the army and I was the first to urge Ulysses to go to the war, and after that I don't think I was very patriotic. I was a Southerner, born in Missouri, and when I was married my father gave me six slaves for my own father gave me six slaves for my own, property. All my relatives, and my brother, Judge Dent, were on the Rebel side. But I did not care for them or for the Union men. All I thought of was my husband—that he should win and gain new victories."

Mrs. Grant thus described the lunchcon-

party given on Inauguration Day, March 4, 1877, when she welcomed President and Mrs. Hayes and bid farewell to the White House:

FAREWELL TO THE WHITE HOUSE. "I had a lovely luncheon ready for them on their return and I also ordered the dinner and the breakfast for the fol-lowing morning, so Mrs. Hayes would not them on their return and I also ordered the dinner and the breakfast for the following morning, so Mrs. Hayes would not have that worry the first thing. Then I told the steward he must go to Mrs. Hayes for orders after that. After dinner, as I was still hostess, I said to Mr. Hayes: 'Shall we return to the parlor?' and he gave me his arm and Ulysses took Mrs. Hayes. When we got in the parlor I said: 'I hope, Mr. Hayes, that you will be as happy here as we have been for eight years,' and then I said 'Good-by,' and we drove away. I told Ulysses as we were driving away that I had intended to say to Mr. Hayes what Gen. Buckner said to him when Buckner vacated Fort Donelson: 'My house is yours,' but I forgot it. Ulysses just put his arm around me and said he was glad I had not. All the servants who had served me during our term gathered in the hall to-say facewell, and they were crying and I cried with them."

Mrs. Grant has four children. Col. Fred Grant, the eldest, with his neetly wife and children, lives with Mrs. Grant, His children are named respectively. Julia and Ulysses. Ulysses Simpson Grant (better known as "Buck"), the second son, has three children—Mariem. Chaffee and Julia Dent, the last in honor of her grandmother. Nellie Grant Sartoris, Mrs. Grant's only daughter and third child resides in England. She has three children—Algernon, who is preparing to enter Eton: Vivian and Rosemary. One son. Ulysses Simpson, named in honor of Gen. Grant, is dead. Jesse Grant, the baby of the familix, is also married and has two children—Nellie and Chaffee.

Mrs. Grant is a small woman, the ton of her head hardly reaching my shoulder. She is heavy for her size. Her eyes are hazel, and her brown hair, slightly gray, be banged and worn high in the back. She wore a beautiful black silk merning gown the day I called. On her plump little fingers, whose usils were most carefully eared for, were several damond rings all of which she called "love tokens from the General and from Nellie."

COMING TO WASHINGTON.

COMING TO WASHINGTON. "Have you any intention of moving from your present home?" She was asked.

"I have thought af selling, for the house is very much larger than I need, and buying in Washington. I have not, however, decided defailely. Our winters are very severe here and my health is not very good."

Mrs. R. B. flayes.

A.large two-story brick bouse, with wide

"Why, they have hundreds of visitors, and they are most kind to everybody. They show every one over the farm and all through the bouse. No one is ever reformed admission. Even traveling men go out there after having finished with their ensteamers, and frequently. ales their trains because they got so not forget to leave. And then Mrs. by, she is as sweet and unaffected, be will stop on the street and spectorest in the town. And charks olks who talk about what Mr. Heyelske who talk about what Mr. Heyelske who talk about what Mr. Sashington compare their charity list int of the Hayeses. His whole life is de-charitable work, and he never gives eas than 210,000 a year for the benefit of anity. Yes, and the chickens. I don't

ices than \$10,000 a year for the center of minimality. Yes, and the chiefens. I don't think that Mr. Hayes ever looks at the chiefens except to mease Mrs. Hayes. She have animals and fowls, and she has all kinds. Spil chiefens! Why, bless my soul, no sick person in town ever wants for footh milk or tender chiefens. She just gives the chiefens and milk away all the time until she has to buy when they need either for themselves. A RESTORIC PLACE.

when they need either for themselves."

A HISTORIC PLACE.

The place is a historic one. Old William Henry Harrison fought one of his battles there and a path through the trees is known to this day as Harrison's walk. Then one of the trees is pointed out as Grandfather Webb's tree. Beneath is Grandfather Webb and a companion, both soldiers in Harrison's regiment, who built a fire one night to keep their feet from freezing. Near by is a willow, grown from a sprig taken from the willow over Washington's grave, which tree was grown from a sprig taken from the tree over Napoleco's recting place at St. Helena. The house is of ultra stouthern style. The bails are in the center of the house and are very wide. The floors are of hard wood, covered with rich rugs. The room in which Mr. and Mrs. Hayes' study.

It is a regular student's org rather scholar's den. The open book cases ranch to the celling and are piled full of books. A small table covered with papers, letters and pens. A leather lounge in one corner makes a good thinking spot. They read and study together. War tales and reminiscences are their chief topics in reading and conversation. Among other things on the mantle, or I might say in the position of honor, is a full figure in bronze of Lincoln. If represents itm in the position so familiar to the public—sitting in a chair, Gen. Hayes says, so Miss Keeler told me, that he thinks, next to Christ, Lincoln was the most wonderful of men. The seal that President Lincoln always used is in the possession of Mr. Hayes.

And Mrs. Hayes: Every one says that she

Mr. Hayes. And Mrs. Hayes! Every one says that she

And Mrs. Hayes! Every one says that she is handsome. She is large and well formed and dresses well, but very quietly. She has black hair, worn smooth over the cars, and large gray eyes which grow black with excitement. She is most lovable and swest, so all say who know her. She is very fond of music, and still sings. In the stummer she is to be seen every day working in her flower garden or driving. She is very full of fun, and enters into sport with the young folks like a school girl. Her dogs, Dot and Jet, who amounced me by their barking, are very dear to her.

Mrs. Hayes is the idolized mother of four boys and one daughter. Birchard, the eldest boy, is named in honor of his granil-uncle, Slins Birchard. He married Miss Sherman, of Norwalk, O., two years ago, and resides in Toledo, O. He is a graduate of Harvard and a lawyer, of the firm of Swayne, Swayne & Hayes, He is father of the first and only grand-child, Rutherford Birchard. Webb Hayes, the second son, is in Cleveland, engaged in electrical manufacturing. Rutherford lives at home, and is cashier of the Fremout Savings Bank, of which tien, Hayes is president. Fanny Hayes is the only daughter, and is said to resemble her father. Scott Russell, the youngest, is very handsome. He is attending Cornell.

Mrs. James A. Garfield.

The Gartleid Mansion at Meutor. Ohlo, a

Mrs. James A. Garfield. The Garfield Mansion at Mentor, Ohlo, a The Garfield Mansion at Mentor. Ohlo, a small village about twenty miles from Cleveland, reminds one of the country home of a millionaire. A wide lawn, filled with shade trees and shrubbery, surrounds the house. A long portico is at the front, and to the right of it is built a cut-stone wing of artistic design. At the windows hang fine lace curtains. To the rear of the house are large stables and carriage houses. A natural gas well, which supplies the bouse with fuel and light, is still further back from the road. The estate, some say 100 acres, others say 300. is of the best farming land and is in splemid condition.

On the death of President Garfield hundreds of thousands of dollars were subscribed for his widow and a handsome pension given ber. Some of the money Mrs. Garfield invested in a handsome home in Euclid avenue, the famous avenue of luxurious homes in Cleveland. It was fitted up claborately and artistisally, and here she lived for some time after Gen. Garfield's tragic death. In the mean time the old home in Mentor was rebuilt, and all Gen. Garfield's papers were stored in the new stone wing, which is fire-proof. Mrs. Garfield has field's papers were stored in the new stone wing, which is fire-proof. Mrs. Garfield has now returned to Mentor to live, and the house on Euclid avenue is for sale.

THE GARFIELD PAMILY. Mrs. Garfield has several children. Her son James, married this summer. At the same time the only daughter, Miss Mollie, married J. Stanley Brown, a former private secretary of Gen. Garfield. Both of the newly married couples went to Europe and at last accounts were still abroad. Mrs. Garfield is considered a distant woman by her neighbors, because she is not the least inclined to be neighborly. This may be the secret of the evident dislike they have for her. She chooses her friends among people in Cleveland.

President Arthur's Sister.

President Arthur's Sister.

Mrs. Mary Arthur McEiroy, who presided at the White House during President Arthur's administration, lives at No. 170 State street, Albany, N. Y.

The McEiroy house is in the finest part of Albany. The view from the front is beautiful. Mrs. McEiroy house is in the finest part of Albany. The view from the front is beautiful. Mrs. McEiroy has four children. Her eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Charles Harvey Jackson, a New York lawyer, William and Charles Edward, her two boys, are at home. Her youngest daughter, Jessie. Is attending school at Farmington with Mrs. McEiroy's niece and ward, Ellen Heradon Arthur. Mr. John S. McEiroy, Mrs. McEiroy's husband, is a wealthy real estate dealer.

Mrs. McEiroy is a beautiful woman. She is five feet five inches in height and of beautiful form. Her hands and feet are small. Her hair, tinged with gray, is parted in the middle, falling in little soft waves over the head—not banged—and coiled high at the back. She has a lovely nose and mouth. Her face is very youthful, and, when excited, a pretty girlish pink creeps into her checks. Her uses are exquisite. They are large, expressive, and a deep soft black.

FOND OF WASHINGTON.

FOND OF WASHINGTON. "Did you like Washington, Mrs. McElroy!" "Pid you like Washington, Mrs. Mcklroy?"

"I loved it very much. I was there only four months in the year because I had other things to do which brought me home. I think mistress of the White House is the most charming position in the world. It is not a difficult one if a woman does not lose her head. Everybody is so kind and considerate. I made many friends there who will be life-long friends. I was only my brother's guest; I could not take the place as mistress of the White House, and so, not being the President's wife, I could accept invitations, which was a great pleasure and allowed me to become more intimate with cept invitations, which was a great pleasure and allowed me to become more infinate with the people. Although E was not mistress there I did a great deal towards widening the hospitality of the White House. I received every day from 11 to 1. One feature of my stay was the fternoon teas which I intro-duced. They came after the receptions, and two or three hundred people would attend at

"Were you not frightened or servous when a time."

"Were you not frightened or nervous when you first went there?"

"Never once. I had only one thought, and that was to do the best I could not make every one welcome. I was in mourning, so I confined mixelf to grays, violet, black and white. One stronge fact is that I never wore a low-necked dress. I have me objections to others wearing them, but I do not eare for them myself. I think they are becoming to the very fewest possible number. The too fleshy look just as badly in them as the too thin. A gentleman once said to me that I could nover be presented to the Queen if I would not wear low dresses, and I toul him I did not think that would be any great loss. I never wear lewelry either, excepting a fewrings," holding up her pretty inthe hands, "and my ears have never been pleaced."

"Yes, I go to the Episcopal Church. I went to St. John's in Washington because I was very fond of Dr. Leonard. I have been asked to join missionary societies, but I never did, for I always had other things to occupy my time."

"You are your own honsekaspier."

for I always had been house keeper?"
"You are your own house keeper?"
"Oh, yes, I keep house because I is won't keep itself, but I certainly do a round with a bunch of keys ited to my or in a basket, although they credite with such things in the White House, I never was even in the White my mother would consent. She told him that she would never consent to my marriage, but if I was determined she would not object.

HER MARRIAGE.

"I was in deep mourning. So the President told only one member of his family, Gen. John Tyler, and I told my immediate family. We were married very immediate family. We were married very immediate family. We were married very goal immediate family. We were married very immediate family. We were married very came the wife of licity Elliott Joniston, a wealthy banker of Reltimore and a member of the Ascensien. New York.

\*My life was very happy in the White

dictor, and buying in Washington. I have not, however, decided definitely. Our windows are decided definitely. Our windows are very severe here and my health is not very good."

When James Buchanan became President told of the White House. She was in the White House. She was in the White House. She was in the White House, when the Prince of Wales visited America and became President told only one member of his family. Gen. John Tyler, and I told my immediate family. We were married very immediate family. We were married very family banker of Reltimore and a wealthy banker of Reltimore and a member of an old und aristocratic family.

\*My life was very happy in the White

"You are your ownhousekeeper."

"On, yes, I keep house because I and won't keep itself, but I certainly do not its not very good."

When James Buchanan became President told definitely. Our winters are very severe here and my health is not very good."

When James Buchanan became President told of the White House. When the Prince of Wales visited America and became President to a won't keep basel, but I certainly do not its not very good."

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